



Still shaking
but not so stirred

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Author's message;

Since being diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2011,
I have retired from my property investment business,
And focus my time on writing poetry.

My first book of poems was called "Shaken and not Stirred"
... Living life with parkinson's disease.

The second book deals with suicide amongst teenage boys and young men.
Called "Touching the Silence"

My third book is about gambling addiction.
Aptly called "Know when to fold them"

My fourth book is about battling throat cancer.
Aptly called "Finding my voice"

My fifth book is "No time for long goodbyes"
... Murder, Madness and Mother Nature

My sixth is "Child Speak"
The wonderful things that children say and do

My seventh "I love you more today"
A book of love poems

Then came "Transformation"
... A journey through detox

Finally I bring you part 2 of my Parkinsons journey
"Still Shaking ... but not ~so stirred

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Parky and my obsession

Side effects of the medicine
I must keep in my possession
Between the meds and Parky
They lead to my obsession

Faraway stare that's in my eyes
When I'm focused on a task
Causes you to put up barriers
Simple things you avoid to ask

I focus on my goals and dreams
To keep control of my sanity
The alternative is doing nothing
Unacceptable to my vanity

Obsessed with writing poems
Or setting up our orphan charity
The need to express what is inside
Brings clear vision a mental clarity

But is obsession really helpful
Or an escape from facing facts
I have an illness which has no cure
From within my core Parky attacks

I fear that if my focus wains
Hibernation my mind may choose
Allowing Parky his free reign
This battle I would lose

I'm still here ... Parky talks

Parky here thought I would
Just tap your shoulder to remind
I am always tagging on
Messing with your mind

Do your best to find a cure
But I am here to stay
No matter what you throw at me
From my task I will not stray

For parasite is what I am
I attach myself to host
I live because I take control
I haunt you like a ghost

Its only when you are asleep
When your spirit is set free
That you can be whole once again
Be truly free of me

Your eyes open as sleep ends
Your mind becomes awake
I am back to take control
Your limbs I start to shake

The long and winding road

I watch you grieve the loss
Of a potential life with me
A life filled with fun and laughter
Quick wit . . . spontaneity

A time before medication
Had its effects on me
Giving you the 1000 yard stare
Losing track of reality

Like a pilot I try to adjust and guide
My ever changing grasp on life
Every adjustment causes more pain
To you my loving wife

It's wrong of me to expect of you
To build a bridge and to be strong
It is hard to watch the pain I cause
When parky makes me do things wrong

I wish there were a magic pill
To take your pain away
Alas this is your journey too
It's really not for me to say

I too miss the life that was
The things that were for us a given
If I am to keep my sanity though
Must thank the Lord that I'm still livin

Parky writing in his diary

You and I have for some time
 Been joined up at the hip
 The arms n shoulders even legs
 I've held you in my grip

Dopamine such an easy target
 For me to manipulate
 Take control of facial features
 Your movement through your gait

What I crave is to control
 Your thoughts ... Your very mind
 Watch you plant the negatives
 There's power in been unkind

My greatest pleasure comes
 From watching you try to hold
 Your hopes of life before me
 Dreams left out in the cold

The only time I feel a loss
 Of control and it's rare to see
 Is when new dreams ... positive thoughts
 Are welcomed and you ignore me

So please take note and do it now
 Focus on the external Parky ...me
 Ensuring you don't see that deep inside
 You've got the power to be free

Your subconscious mind records
 The thoughts and what you feel
 Then manifests it into your life
 Making what you hate more real

So stay away from silly threads
 About Parky positives ... beware
 Stay focused on what is true and real
 Together ... Backwards we can stare

A positive way to enrich each other's lives

I wake up in the morning
 If my feet can hit the ground
 I know that I am still alive
 Thankful I can still get around

My arm shakes as I walk
 I let it shake for all to see
 I don't try to hide parky from the World
 Educate people is a task for me

My friends and family support me
 In the best way that they can
 By being positive I show them strength
 This makes me a better man

For when people see my strength
 My positive self-esteem and drive
 It makes them realise as healthy people
 They can make more of their own life

When medication gets me down
 Or it affects the mood I am in
 It's an opportunity to TALK with my wife
 Where we are going . . . where we've been

Communication before parky
 Was sporadic at its best
 Now by necessity discussion is had
 We put every feeling to the test

When pain prevents me from walking
 I volunteer for the aged to read
 They love the sound of my soothing voice
 I get strength by fulfilling their need

The day I can no longer work
 I do not feel a loss
 My efforts I will turn to dreams
 Where I am my own boss

I believe I've chosen parky
 As my personal sickness of choice
 I search for what my lessons are
 How to spread a message with my voice

In my heart and in my mind
 I believe a cure will arrive
 In time for me and my parky friends
 To watch our bodies come back to life

So join me friends and share good news
 Of the journey of your life
 For as we share the positives
 We enrich each other's lives

My life is just beginning

I thought my life was over
When parky came to my door
At my age I thought it's the end
Was not excited of what's in store

Then in her usual wisdom
My ever loving caring wife
Reminded me of something
This brought me back to life

I still have my children
Who I am so proud to see
Their life's give me purpose
Helping them is an honour for me

Then there will be grand kids
So full of life and zest
I may struggle just to keep up
They'll put parky to the test

Every day I live in wonder
Reflect collected moments just to see
I have to thank you . . . my lovely wife
For putting life back into me

Parky and the worm of time

Enjoyed some lunch today
 With fellow parky member Pete
 His lovely wife Gloria and Eileen
 Also joined with us to eat

It was good to compare notes
 When parky your plans does change
 How flexible we must all become
 Our priorities to re-arrange

Pete and Gloria have had
 Many more years of Parky thus far
 But their journey is one of two people
 Who've left no treatment door ajar

Gloria and her travels
 In search of Holocaust surviving family
 Unfortunately she found an end
 To her Polish family tree

Pete had an interesting story
 How bare footed in Thailand
 He managed to grow a real live worm
 In his foot . . . yes what a man!

On every journey of life
 It's important to keep in mind
 It is not what happens that's important
 As your friends and your state of mind

Parky and the Shaky hand

When I wake up in the morning
Before I start my day
Parky wants to show me
That he's not far away

Starting when I stretch in bed
By shaking my left hand
Increasing tempo as I manoeuvre
Out of my bed and stand

Brushing teeth is easy
Electric toothbrush such a waste
Just put toothbrush in left hand
Parky brushes with such haste

I have learnt when I am walking
To move my arm in rhyme
Making the shaking look like I'm
Swinging to a song in time

When I yawn it's hard to hide
For my hand goes quite berserk
I quickly bring it to my mouth
So not to look like I'm a jerk

It's only when my wife holds
My shaky hand that I walk tall
Parky goes into hibernation
I guess love ... does ... conquer all

Leave me alone ... I'm lonely

When pink bellowed out those lyrics
 I thought great play on words
 Little did I think within them
 My own life battle would be heard

Have u ever had a dream
 Where your body would not react
 Either slowly or just the opposite
 Well in my life that's a daily fact

With a constant companion by my side
 On a journey I didn't choose
 Parky is a determined little C..t
 Trying his hardest to make me lose

The constant pain I feel I can bare
 It's the collateral damage which is hard
 Hurting the one person I love most
 That is his cruel ACE card

Not looking for sympathy
 Not wanting even one shed tear
 Just a little steam been blown off
 Whilst downing my third beer

Maybe I can drown the prick
 Who chose to suck my chi
 Us Serbs are known to outdrink
 Even the toughest company

My mates Taragh Jacqui n Killian
 Know from what dark place I now fight
 I need Taragh's massive strength
 To help guide me back to the light

When drugs take you over to the Dark Side

For 18 months now I have been
On this journey . . . quite unplanned
Where Parky intruded in my life
Deciding he would make his stand

My trust in Western medicine
As conditioning is a way of life
On advice I started ingesting a drug or few
But at what cost to me and my wife?

The pills I take three times each day
Though small they are in size
Speed up some chemical production
Altered mind sees through strangers eyes

When black to me . . . I swear is white
Yet to Eileen it is definitely black
The resulting anxiety and confusion
Can send a relationship right off track

The solution from neurologists is
Try a different brew of drugs
I'd swear sometimes they whore themselves
As pharmaceutical Company thugs

Finally in a moment of despair
Deeper and darker than ever before
I remember a saying I've often used
For us it has opened a door

The definition of insanity
Is to expect a different result in the end
By performing the same crazy action
It nearly drove us around the bend

So today a decision we've both made
To wean off the drugs I have been given
Find alternative natural therapies
To lead to a better life worth living

The path may be a scary road
But then again we both feel
At least I'll see it through sane eyes
Know the experience for once is real

Thank you Eils for the patience
You've kept your man alive
People could never imagine what it's like
Living with Dr Jackal and Mr Hyde

To my nemesis Parky all I say
This round I've been unanimously beaten
Sit back and enjoy the moment
As my revenge on you it'll sweeten

This battle is like a World title fight
15 gruelling rounds over many years
I will fight you until the day you lose
For you it will all end in tears

Shake it out ... Its parky time

(Rap song)

I wake up in the morning
Before I start my day
Parky wants to show me
That he's not far away

When stretching in my bed
He shakes my left hand
Increasing tempo as I move
Out of bed and stand

Shake it out ... Its parky time
Shake it ... Shake it ... Shake it
Shake it out ... Its parky time
Shake it ... Shake it out

Shake it out ... Its parky time
Shake it ... Shake it ... Shake it
Shake it out ... Its parky time
Shake it ... Shake it out

When I yawn I find it hard
My hand it goes berserk
I quickly bring it to my mouth
Can't be lookin like a jerk

Brushing teeth is easy
Electric toothbrush such a waste
Just using my left hand
Parky brushes them with haste

When my love holds my shaky hand
I can finally walk quite tall
Parky slips into hibernation
Love ... does ... conquer all

I find when I am walking
I move my arm in rhyme
My shaky arm looks like I'm
Swinging to a song in time

Shake it out ... Its parky time
Shake it ... Shake it ... Shake it
Shake it out ... Its parky time
Shake it ... Shake it out

Parky ... two years on

As with all my challenges
Life had thrown my way of late
Take them in my stride I must
No second thoughts no debate

For a great believer I have always been
That I accept what I can't change
Removing myself from the unacceptable
New goals and plans I must arrange

Yes each day I'm reminded
That Parky has his hold on me
But on my sklm run this morning
I outran him again ... I felt free

It's been said that life is made up
By two numbers ... they are 90 and number 10
10% is what happens to you
90% what you make of what happens then

Eils been the rock she is for me
Reminds me all the time
Of how well I look and move
I'm so glad she loves me and is mine

For everyone who's supported me
Thank all so you very much
It means a lot to know you care
You're like my cosmic crutch

To my mate Parky happy second birthday
Hope you struggle with your plan
For you have really met your match
I am Jovo ... catch me if you can

Stuck in the moment ... and can't get out

Have you ever doubted
Things around you are real
Have you questioned sanity
Too afraid to relax ... to feel

Has your mind taken over
Imprisoned your very being
Stuck you in a moment
Trapped inside ... locked within

Does darkness permeate
Through all your goals n dreams
Do you wake from nightmares
Where nobody hears your screams

Has the black dog sunk
Its teeth into your brain
What is madness ... is it normal
Are you just insane

Has the light at your tunnel end
Gone out or so dull n dark
That you just feel like giving up
On life ... illusion ... lark

Have you given up your rights
To medication to dull the pain
Is the effort of just getting up
Hardly worth the strain

Take comfort friend for you're not alone
You need to open up and talk
Action quiets the manic mind
So get up ... go for a walk

Tomorrow is a brand new day
One you've never experienced before
So when you face it ... grit ur teeth
Leave the black dog at the door

Find the light ... reset your journey
One step ... one moment at a time
Only YOU can unstick that moment
When you say "The futures mine"

Your mind is but an illusion
Of past thoughts and feeling
Mixed up sometimes when replayed
Your NOW ... future it is stealing

Tell yourself that you are great
Loved by people everyday
Unstick yourself from that moment
Go on ... be on yer way!

World parkinson's awareness day April 11th

Twas about three years ago
 When you came into my life
 Trying hard to thwart the plans
 Made by me and Eils ... my wife

You thought that maybe I'd give up
 Accept defeat ... despair
 Shows how little you know of me
 Maybe you just don't care

Parky ur a pain in the arse
 That be absolutely true
 But I am who I am today
 Through the misfortune of meeting you

I fought you every day since then
 On treadmills, roads and paths
 On beaches and up fecker hills
 To outrun you brought some laughs

My arm it dances throughout the day
 Even when I sleep at night
 I will continue to stay positive
 Never giving up the fight

The medication I was told to take
 OCB side-effects ... strange looks
 Obsessive writing had good results
 I wrote 8 poetry books

To Eils my ONE thank you so
 For being there by my side
 Parky ... he can run from you
 But there's no place he can hide

I changed my diet my beliefs
 Dropped wheat and gluten too
 Drink juice for brekky everyday
 It helps me outrun you

To all my friends who wish me well
 Thank you for your thoughts n prayers
 Through Parky I have been blessed
 To have friends around me who care

One thing that you cannot control
 Is my ability to laugh
 Be it telling my Tiger Woods joke
 Or a fart when in my bath

So on April 11 of this year
 Share awareness about parkinson's Disease
 Pray that one day a cure is found
 Then I'll be Parky FREE

This is a poem for my little friends
at the Chiang Mai Orphanage

These children are so happy . . . They are well
fed well clothed, but what they miss most of all is the
hugs and kisses that our children were brought up with.
If you enjoyed **"Still shaking . . . but not so stirred"**
all I ask in return is that you visit my foundation
called "Happy Hands Foundation" and make
a donation to help my little friends.

www.happyhandsfoundation.com

What I'd give for a bedside story read to me by Mum or dad

When I wake up in the morning
I look around and something just not there
No mommy ... No daddy to wake me up
It really isn't fair

I have 60 friends to share my time
And there are my carers too
Sometimes we get volunteers
For excursions at the zoo

My clothes are all packed away
In my slide-out draw
My shoes are stacked in a row
With 59 others ... at the door

I have food in my belly
Bath twice a day ... it's really not so bad
But what I'd give for a bedside story
Read to me by Mum or dad

At least I am healthy
Unlike some children ... Who have HIV
Sometimes they cry out late at night
I'm glad it's them not me

What did I do that is so wrong?
What have I done so bad?
That I should have to live my life
Without both mum and dad

I have lived here since I was one
That was five years ago
Sometimes life just flashes by
But some days it goes real slow

I wake up often in my sleep
I'm afraid of to lose my toys
When I turn seven ... Is time to move
To live with 175 older boys

No more girls to play with
I won't be the big boy any more
I've heard from other boys who've moved
And I'm afraid of what's in store

For 10 more years I need to wait
Until the day that I'm set free
When I can finally leave this orphanage
And rely just on me

I promise that when I have children
I will be there ... To take care
To tuck them in to bed at night
And let them know I'm there

If you can share some of your wealth
For a better future is my goal
Knowing your money is helping orphans
Will be like feeding your own soul

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